Serpentia: She Who Owns Me (sequel to Serpentia: Queen of the Abyss)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/69205721.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Hercules: The Legendary Journeys
Character:	She-Demon (Hercules: The Legendary Journeys)
Additional Tags:	Hercules: The Legendary Journeys s01 ep01, The Wrong Path, She Demon, Serpent Woman, Evil Queen-freeform, evil monster, Humiliation, Objectification, Sword and sorcery villains, peplum movie, Dominance
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2025-08-14 Words: 3,799 Chapters: 1/1

Serpentia: She Who Owns Me (sequel to Serpentia: Queen of the Abyss)

by JS2274

Summary

The scribe who recorded Serpentia's first tale is finally claimed by the serpent queen, who leads him into the netherworld. He is publicly humiliated in her court, but then terrifies everyone, including Serpentia herself, when he pulverizes one of her courtiers. While he has the chance to escape, or possibly kill the serpent queen, the scribe chooses to serve her in return for her love. Serpentia uses his powers to fight the gods, who have barred her from their mountainous abode and sent heroes to kill or drive away her daughters from the world.

Serpentia: She Who Owns Me

A Sequel to Serpentia: Queen of the Abyss

A Tale by JS

Another dark tale inspired by the She Demon from ‘The Wrong Path’ (Hercules: The Legendary Journeys).

Content Warning: Graphic Violence, Body Horror, Gender Transformation, Emotional Abuse/Humiliation, Forced Worship/Mind Control Themes, Petrification/Human Transformation.

Echaia

I was walking along the outskirts of Echaia, Serpentia’s village. It was night, and I confess that I was frightened. I did long to see the beautiful Serpentia again, but I also feared her. And I was terrified of her daughter who, I heard, was even more ruthless than her mother. The fields and trees around me looked familiar, but I was not close enough to see the stone statues. I had taken a circuitous route to avoid the paths Serpentia used to tread, as fear overcame my attraction to her. Yet, I recalled the queen’s gleaming scales, hazel eyes, and auburn hair. And her laughter echoed around me. ‘You’re imagining it,’ I said to myself. I knew that one day the serpent queen would claim me, but I thought that I would seek to live a little longer.

It is not that my life was especially interesting. I mostly travelled from city to city to write down the stories of councillors and minor noblemen. Nothing particularly engaging, and certainly nowhere as alive as Serpentia’s story. Kings and scholars alike pored over that manuscript. Not everyone believed me, but no one ignored what I had to say. Serpentia was on everybody’s lips. Anything else I did was insignificant. I was certain that would also be true of my next biography, or the one after. I could not be more mistaken.

As I stopped to set up camp for the night, I heard a loud swishing noise in the grass. I turned and fell on my back in terror. The serpent queen’s coils raised her human body high, so that she gazed down at me, and laughed. ‘My pathetic worm,’ she cried. ‘With his flimsy body and cowardly heart. What are you waiting for? Plead and grovel before this beauty!’ I cried, dropped to my knees, and begged for mercy. ‘Better,’ she replied. The queen now turned her face aside and called Vyrexa. Just then, her daughter emerged from the thick woods. She was the same size as her mother, but her tail was a shimmering black and gold, while her hair was solid black. Her hiss was as evil as Serpentia’s, and I could read arrogance and pride in her words and tone. ‘Is this your scribe, mother? He is not even worth turning to stone. A mouse of a man. We should have a manuscript made out of his skin.’ Both serpent women laughed and Serpentia raised my chin with her long sharp nails. ‘Tempting, my dear viper, but that is not what I plan to do with him. He does not look much, but there is more than meets the eye here.’ Serpentia’s eyes glimmered, and her tongue glided over her lower lip. ‘This man will

give me an empire, Vyrexa… because of where he came from, and what he conjured into existence.' The daughter looked back at her mother, clearly not understanding what she meant.

Serpentia added, 'Soon it will be clear to you, and to him. But first, let us take him to our cave, and then into the netherworld.' Thereupon, I cried. Vyrexa asked her mother, 'What use could such a lowly man have? So small, so weak.' Serpentia flipped her hair, smiled, and said, 'Your beautiful queen is far greater than you think she is, dear daughter.' Serpentia then beckoned me to follow, and I did. Into the death of my former self.

Journey to the Netherworld

As we went down into the depths of the cave, past Serpentia's statue, which stood over the rubble that was the monument to the serpent king, I saw for myself the valley of the damned. Serpentia held me by the hand. 'You are weaker than Nullity, my scribe. She could follow behind me. You need to be held, don't you? The way I see you, dear, you are more of a pet than a man. Vyrexa would have torn you to pieces, and do you blame her when you are so weak?' I cast my head down in shame.

My humiliations were even greater when Serpentia led me into her court, where she sat on the bones of her former king. Her daughters and a host of ancient warriors looked down at me, in disgust. Several ugly creatures known as the Crimson Guards, blood red from head to toe, with huge horned heads and wiry arms, also stared my way. Their laughter sounded like tin pots bashed against each other. And then there was Nullity, hardly noticeable in her silence. One of the ancient warriors, who towered above all others, knelt before my queen, stood up, and said, 'What is this excuse for a man, my queen? Let me crush him. He does not deserve to exist so close to your glorious presence!'

Serpentia looked towards me, swung her tail, and laughed. 'Hardly a man, is he? You would not believe I have a use for him, would you?' Everyone burst out laughing. The Crimson Guards stepped forward, shoved me around, and grinned at me. One of them screamed, 'Weaker than a girl, and as pathetic as a worm!' Serpentia laughed as I was scorned and ridiculed. She tilted her head, smiled, arched her eyebrows, flicked her tail, and said, 'You're a weakling and a coward, scribe. Maybe you're not even good enough to continue writing my story. Should I tell them to take you away?' Just as she said that one of the Crimson Guards slashed at my chest with his nails.

The pain was unbearable, and my fear suddenly turned to rage. A white flash of lightning shot from my arm and pulverized the creature. All the courtiers stepped back, suddenly terrified. Serpentia herself, enthroned queen of the netherworld, hid her face behind her arms and covered her torso with her tail. 'No,' she cried and whimpered, 'this cannot be. He cannot be so strong, not now, not here!' The Crimson Guards yelled, 'What have you done, you foolish reptile, you brought one of them here? Die alone, you bitch!' The Guards rushed out of the hall, and so did the queen's warriors. Her daughters huddled in a corner, but they did not flee.

Desperate, Serpentia pleaded, ‘No, don’t kill me. I am the queen here. I am beautiful and… I want to rule, forever. Have mercy! No!’ I could not believe what had just happened, or how. Maybe, I should have taken the chance to escape. Or tried to kill the serpent queen. But I could not. I longed to be with her. I walked towards the throne and knelt before her. I said, ‘My queen Serpentia, I am here to serve you. Just give me your love. I long for your affection, as undeserving as I am.’ The serpent queen looked back at me, astonished. Her eyes enthralled me. I repeated, ‘I love you and serve you, Queen Serpentia.’ Her surprise gave way to a wicked smile, while her daughters slithered back towards us.

Talking to the Queen

Serpentia took me to her bed. She fondled my hair and coiled the tip of her tail around my ankles, while I kissed her hand. ‘I cannot figure out what I did, and how. But I did not mean to frighten you, my queen. I love you.’ She smiled and replied, ‘But I do know what happened, or rather who you really are. You are the man who imagined this world, and me, into existence. I always knew this, but I did not think you were ready to release your power. The Crimson Guards and my warriors thought that you would destroy the netherworld. They mistook you for the gods that you imagined into existence, my scribe. They will pay dearly for having abandoned me when they thought I would fall!’

I hugged my queen, rested my head on her breasts, and said, ‘You should kill them, Serpentia. Anyone who abandons you should not live. All your enemies must die.’ The queen raised my head with one of her sharp nails. I was looking straight into her hazel eyes. ‘My enemies, dear scribe, are the gods. Their men look down upon me as a monster, while their women brand me an ugly whore. I am barred from entering their abode, while some of their heroes—brutes rather—have killed or driven my daughters away from the world. My girls came back to me weeping, their domains torn away from their grasp. They were wounded, dear scribe, in pride or in body. My princesses were born to be obeyed, not harmed. My heart is shattered. Only Vyrexa clings to her cave. And I fear for her life. This beautiful queen,’ added Serpentia as she pointed to herself, ‘needs her man to step up—to save her, and her comely daughters.’

I looked back at her with tears in my eyes. ‘Show me how I may use my power, beloved queen, and I will crush all your enemies.’ Serpentia turned to Nullity, who stood at the side of the bed. The queen said, ‘Here is the second you, servant. Bring me the Goblet of the Binding Spell. I will drink with my man.’

Nullity returned with the goblet, which she handed to her mistress. Serpentia took it into her hands and ordered me to drink from it. She smiled wryly as I did. Then, she took the goblet from my hand and drank the rest of the potion herself. ‘Now,’ she said, ‘you are bound to me forever. I can turn you into a weapon—a piece of clothing even—and I will draw and use your magic.’ She placed her hand on my face and petted me like a treasured object. She continued, ‘The queen’s little pet has given her power over his world, hasn’t he? He offered her himself, didn’t he? The knowledge that beings he created were harming his queen and the princesses was too much to bear, wasn’t it?’ I burst out crying and rested my head on her breasts. She cuddled me until I fell asleep.

When I woke up, she said, ‘I will turn you into a corset of power and strike against the gods. I will conquer and wreak havoc in their mountain domain. The sky will weep. You will strap yourself to my waist and protect my beautiful body from the lightning of the gods—and your magic will destroy them. Then, when the gods are dead or tortured, you will be my lover.’

On hearing this, I begged Serpentia to turn me into her corset at once. I pleaded for punishment because I made gods above her, and heroes who harmed her daughters.

Nullity nodded approvingly at my utter and complete submission.

Just then, I felt myself changing shape and texture. It was not painful; it was a smooth metamorphosis. My skin and body turned to leather, cloth, and padding. And my limbs became lacing. Although I must have appeared inanimate, I could think, see, and hear. But I could not speak, and only the queen heard my thoughts.

Nullity picked me up and handed me to Serpentia.

‘Look at him, servant. This man had the power to rule me—kill me even—yet he chose to be worn. What greater testament to my power, greatness, and beauty?’

She wore me. I fastened myself to her slender figure. It was utter bliss! I then fastened just a little tighter, to feel the rise and fall of her breath, and to remind her of my love. She could hear me, and she was pleased. She said, ‘Now that you have submitted, corset, I will conquer!’

Taking War to the Gods

Serpentia summoned her daughters and warriors to the throne room. She sat majestically on the creaking bones of her former king, while I strapped myself firmly to her slender waist, covered by a golden, bejewelled corselet. Her daughters recognised what I had become, and I could see that while they gazed admiringly at their mother, one—Sithiss—was burning with jealousy. The warriors who had fled the court were replaced by others who looked just as brutish and savage. The Crimson Guards were now controlled by huge green grubs that burrowed deep into their heads. They no longer spoke or mocked; they only obeyed my great queen.

Serpentia spoke. ‘Daughters and warriors, today we crush the gods! The lightning from my staff will burn them into oblivion! This is our day of glory! The skies will darken, and you, my princesses, will rule the world!’

No one could see my pride, my boundless joy, as my queen slithered out of the hall and rode her magnificent green dragon. She coiled her tail around its neck, just tight enough to hold on firmly. The beast spread its massive wings and breathed smoke from its nostrils. I fastened my laces a little tighter, as a pledge to my Serpentia that I would give her the world.

We flew up to the ceiling of the netherworld, straight into its portal leading to the world above. As we approached the mountain of the gods, the Punishers glided towards us. They

were terrifying to behold, more than any creature of the netherworld. Their intense whiteness forced us to look down, as did their many hooked tentacles. They had no head; they were all punishment. I felt Serpentia's terror. Her breathing grew short and rapid, her heart raced. I fastened and unfastened myself ever so slightly, to declare my presence. I conveyed to her the words, 'They will burn, my queen.'

The Punishers spoke as one. 'Retreat in ignominy, monster queen, before we burn you and your progeny into oblivion.' I felt my queen's resolve faltering and urged her to draw my magic into her staff. She reached out for my strength, and I surrendered it willingly. Her staff released a lightning bolt that burnt Punisher after Punisher to ash.

My fabric stretched as the queen's breasts swelled, and her torso rose with pride. She yelled at the Crimson Guards, 'Head to the mountain and slay everyone in your path!'

Yet, when we reached the mountain, the Crimson Guards were already in flames. At the mere sight of their executioner, Ekato, king of the gods, my queen's confidence wavered. His aspect was gigantic, and his long white hair reached out like tentacles that would strangle our dragons. We seemed like dust before him. Serpentia's staff trembled in her hand, and for a heartbeat her tail nearly lost its grip on the beast she rode. My queen felt defeated.

Ekato laughed as he smelled the terror that gripped Serpentia's heart. He unleashed a mighty ray of scorching light; had it reached us, it would have burnt us to cinders. But I would not let Ekato—or any of his dreaded gods—harm my beloved queen. Time slowed down. The ray advanced steadily, but only very slowly, towards us. I could think, and I imagined into existence a massive barrier, a shield for my Serpentia. The god's beam diffused against it, and now I could read terror in his eyes.

As my barrier dissipated, I fastened myself tightly against Serpentia's torso, to snap her out of her daze. 'Point the staff against the god,' I cried. She did. The magic we unleashed was so powerful that it burnt a massive hole in the god's gigantic manifestation. I could feel his rage, utter disbelief, and indescribable pain as his essence dissolved into nothing. I heard screams of terror and despair across the mountain and beyond. The gods, and any being who saw what my queen had done, what I had done, feared the ruin that would now rain down upon them.

My Serpentia's spirit filled with pride once more, and my fabric stretched as her body swelled with it. She shouted, 'Your queen has killed Ekato! Now they are doomed!' But the battle was not over yet, and I was drained by the magic we unleashed against the king of the gods.

Serpentia urged her army forward. Fire and smoke filled the air as our dragons burned the palaces and squares of the gods. Without their king, the deities were weakened—but not yet defeated. My queen, driven by hate and pride, landed her dragon and unwound her coils from its neck. She slithered into Etana's palace, as yet untouched by the fires. My thoughts urged her against it, but she would not listen. She wanted to kill the goddess with her own hands. To watch as she suffered and died.

The goddess of order awaited blade drawn; casting powerful spells against my queen—but I absorbed them. Still, the goddess was mightier than Serpentia, who struggled to parry Etana's

sword strikes. My fabric, soaked in sweat, expanded and contracted with the serpent queen's movements. As the goddess gained the upper hand, I felt Serpentia growing weaker.

My queen lashed out with her tail, but the goddess slashed at it with her sword. In pain and despair, Serpentia finally hit back with the butt of her staff. The goddess fell and the serpent queen moved in to grab her, but Etana seized her arm and flung her against the wall. My queen moaned and fainted as she hit the marble wall, and then the floor, with a thud. Only the magic barrier I created stood between Serpentia and certain death.

As the netherworld queen came to, she saw the goddess pushing against my barrier. Etana now spoke to me. 'I can see who you are, corset. Do you really want to give the heavens to her? Unfasten yourself and I will spare her for your sake. She will rule the netherworld with her monstrous progeny. Just unfasten yourself, now!' The queen clutched me with both hands even as she somehow still gripped her staff. She cried desperately, 'No, he is mine! Punish her, corset. I am your queen, and I command it!'

Etana's face twisted in righteous fury as she saw that I clung to my queen. Then, as my magic power surged, I dissolved the barrier and shot a lightning bolt at the goddess through my queen's staff. It was nowhere as powerful as the one that killed Ekato, but it drained the strength of the goddess. She was alive but could not move. My queen, exhausted as she was, slithered towards Etana and dragged her body out of the palace. Outside, many of Serpentia's daughters and warriors suffered their demise, but the battle was won. My queen stabbed Etana to death as her surviving daughters and warriors, led by Vyrexa and Sithiss, circled around us.

Serpentia was hailed as Ekato's and Etana's bane. She proudly proclaimed, 'There are gods no more! We have brought them down! I have killed them!' I rejoiced as serpent women and ancient warriors alike hailed my great queen. My fabric clung tightly to her skin, eager for love.

My Serpentia unstrapped me once we were back in her chamber, in the depths of the netherworld. As she placed me on her bed, my queen turned me back into a man. 'Let us have the servants bathe us, dear scribe. And then, you will join your beautiful queen in her bed.'

The Betrayal

I stared into the eyes of my beautiful queen. 'There is nothing like your love, Serpentia,' I cried with tears of joy. She smiled back, condescendingly, as her tail made circles in the air and her eyebrows arched high. 'I do not doubt that,' she replied, 'but you are my pet, not my lover. You make me moan; my warriors make me scream in utter pleasure! Yet, I tire of them; they bore me after only a little while. They are mostly brutish, and their worship of my greatness falls far short of yours. I have no intention of leaving you any time soon. You are my scribe, my corset, and my pet. And here is where you are going to stay.'

I did not know whether to smile or cry. I had won her the battle against the gods. No, I had won her the war! And here I was, craving scraps of her love like a beaten dog. I hugged her

and placed my face between her breasts, while she coiled her tail around me and fondled my hair until I slept.

When I woke up, Serpentia changed me back into a corset and wore me. I hugged her figure. She could feel my affection and ran a finger down my seams. Then Vorak, a giant of a man, came into the bedchamber. He hugged and kissed my queen. She moaned as he touched her, while I cried silently and rose and fell with her breath. He unfastened and cast me aside to fondle her breasts. I then heard Serpentia moan loudly as her tail coiled around the bedpost. I despaired.

Just then, Sithiss, Serpentia's jealous daughter, crawled into the bedchamber and took me away before the queen could hear me. She slithered away rapidly as soon as she left the room. When she paused, her green eyes glimmered, and she smiled wickedly. 'Yes, yes, he is mine! Now, I will take her crown as she whores herself to that brute!'

Sithiss wore me. She soon regretted it. I pressed hard against her torso, until she collapsed, breathless and tail twitching. I conveyed my thoughts to Serpentia. This time she heard me. And it was Vorak who screamed—in agony. The serpent queen was upon her daughter in a heartbeat. I unfastened, and my queen grabbed me and held me tightly in her arms. Sithiss protested, 'He tried to kill me, mother. I only wanted to know how he feels!' Serpentia was not willing to go easy on a traitor, even if it was one of her daughters. She coiled her tail around Sithiss and turned her to stone with her rattle. She would adorn the forest of statues, along with Serpentia's other victims.

Epilogue

I was given a blank manuscript and writing implements. Serpentia stroked my hair and said, 'I want the story of my conquest told, dear scribe. Convey all the truth. Tell them of your unwavering devotion to me. How you propped me up and made me invincible.' She ran her hand over the open manuscript. She added, 'This vellum is Vorak's skin. That knowledge will make your work more pleasant, my little pet.'

Post Scriptum. This manuscript was handed to me by Nullity at her queen's behest.

JS

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!